

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

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as a Newspaper.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

ARTILLERY ACCIDENT AT BERKSHIRE MILITARY MANOEUVRES.



The military manoeuvres in Berkshire were marred by an unfortunate accident. While a pom-pom was being wheeled into position at the gallop the gun overturned, and one of the Wiltshires was badly crushed. The first photograph was taken as the accident happened, and the second shows the injured man being attended to by the ambulance corps.

Just to Advertise 'Lloyd's Weekly News'

We have undertaken the biggest book distribution ever known. 200,000 sets of the International Library, each set—20 large sumptuous volumes—in a handsome Fumed Oak Bookcase, the two for 2/6 down, and 5/- a month for a few months.

How the Project Took Shape

It might fairly be imagined that Mr. Andrew Carnegie, with his enormous wealth and abounding public spirit, was behind this great enterprise. But it is not so. It is purely a British business proposition. 'Lloyd's Weekly News' is doing it solely as an advertisement. 'Lloyd's News' has a circulation of more than 1,300,000 copies—6,000,000 readers—and we are accustomed to mammoth dealings. We have passed our Jubilee. We have the largest newspaper presses in the world, and have adopted this striking method of advertising with a view to doubling our circulation, already the largest in the world.

Why the International Was Chosen

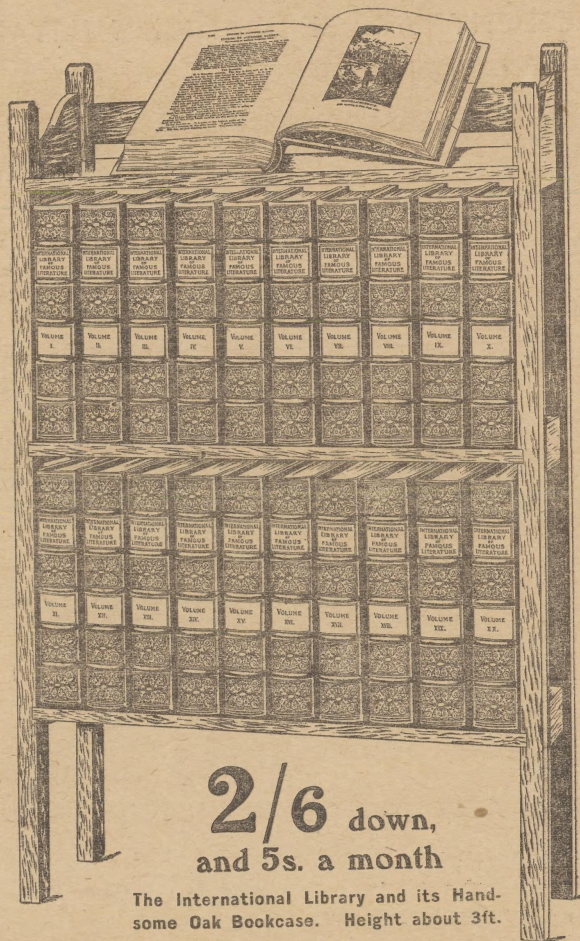
'Lloyd's News' based this advertising project on books, because books form the brightest and healthiest of home influences, and are a permanent possession. It was necessary, too, that the books should be of a popular, interesting, and instructive nature. The one work that best answered all requirements was the International Library, and we determined that if possible we would bring this stupendous work within the reach of the most modest income. This meant the employment of an enormous capital—hundreds of thousands of pounds—and a vast producing power; but the idea seemed so good in itself, and so full of expansive possibilities, that questions of cost, or of labour, were not allowed to weigh against it. The International Library covered the whole world of books within a compass that any home could make room for. That was enough.

How the Project Became Possible

The International Library of 20 sumptuous volumes has heretofore been necessarily a work for people with plenty of money to spend on books; 20,000 sets were sold to wealthy and distinguished booklovers, who have expressed their delight in owning it. Among the 20,000 homes to which the International Library made its way are these of Lord Tredegar, the Earl of Annesley, the Dean of Canterbury, the Lord Bishop of Argyll, H.R.H. Princess Henry of Prussia, the Duchess of Bedford, Sir Henry Thompson, F.R.C.S., Lord Rothschild, and many distinguished members of both Houses of Parliament, the Church, the Bar, the Army and Navy, and eminent people in the world of Science, Art, and Letters.

The profit on these 20,000 sets was sufficient to defray all initial cost, great as that was, so that the cost of this 200,000 edition is only for paper, printing, bookbinding, and distribution, and in these matters great economies are made possible by the vast size of the undertaking; and, too, there are no middlemen. All this saving goes to present buyers, because we are not doing this to make a profit on the books, but to advertise 'Lloyd's News,' the largest and best penny newspaper, and containing the latest of late news, illustrations of current incidents, and many other attractive features.

A FREE BOOKLET, containing specimen pages and illustrations, and telling more about the International Library and LLOYD'S extraordinary advertising offer, will be sent you post free, if you tear or cut out along this line, fill in your name and address, and post it to the Manager, 'Lloyd's Weekly News,' 2-4, Salisbury Square, London, E.C. If you prefer not to mutilate the page, a postcard or letter with your name and address, posted as above, will bring the booklet POST FREE.



2/6 down,
and 5s. a month

The International Library and its Handsome Oak Bookcase. Height about 3ft.

The Secret of the Half Crown

Many will marvel how we can afford to send out the whole of the 20 volumes of the International Library on receipt of half-a-crown. It does seem astounding at the first glance, but 'Lloyd's' believes in the people. We know that no class is more to be trusted than the class of moderate means—the clerk, the artisan, the mechanic, the tradesman, the farmer, the student, the shopman, business managers, accountants, railway men, factory employees, civil servants, clergymen, doctors, artists, lawyers, in fact, every class of worker and professional men. That is the secret of the half-crown. When the half-crown is paid the beautiful books and the handsome bookcase are despatched—orders being executed as rapidly as possible in rotation—and for a full month afterwards there is nothing more to pay. At the end of the month you have to send five shillings, and so on for a few months longer, and then your obligation ceases. Only 2d. a day is all it amounts to, an outlay that you will never feel, and which you can make up for in a hundred easy ways—a few cigarettes the less, or a glass the less of the daily beverage, will more than suffice.

What the Library Is

It is a Complete Library of the world's great writings. Every work included is a masterpiece—the stamp of immortality is upon it—

it is of the kind that never grows old or stale—it is perennial. Everything in this Library is the best of its kind, is highly interesting, illuminating, informing, and altogether good to read and to think about. It is suited to all people and all moods—the entire field of books has been covered—Science, History, Philosophy, Poetry, Fiction, Humour, Adventure, Sentiment, Fairland, have all yielded their best and worthiest. Whether you want to read for amusement or instruction, to scale the heights of imagination with the poets or travel with historians through the lights and shadows of past ages, whether you want to laugh with the humorists or sigh with the romancers—your inclination is served. If in this age of the Short Story you desire to read the best short stories that have ever been written, here you have them, old and new, and of all countries, from Boccaccio's quaint mediæval mint down to the modern of moderns—to J. M. Barrie, Sir Conan Doyle, Jerome K. Jerome, and the rest. There are

Four Hundred Short Stories

of fascinating interest in these twenty volumes. It is only when going through these twenty volumes that one realises how truly great, how vast, how wonderful the world of books really is. The International Library contains not only the best works of the leading authors, from Homer to Swinburne, from

Socrates to Herbert Spencer, from Pliny to Macaulay, from Fielding to Hall Caine, but Biographies of the Authors as well, with criticisms and appreciations of their writings, and, in many cases, pictures of their homes and haunts, their libraries and workshops. All the foreign works represented—works hitherto inaccessible to those who have neither the time nor the opportunity for acquiring any other language than their own—are translated into scholarly English by masters of the art.

The Make s of the Library

The Editors of the International Library were the men who, of all others, were the best fitted for carrying out the great task with which they were entrusted. The Editor-in-Chief, Dr. Richard Garnett, was for fifty years officially connected with the famous library of the British Museum, for a large part of that time being The Keeper of Printed Books. Associated with him in the important work of editing were: M. Vallée, librarian at the National Library of France, the largest Library in the world; Dr. Alois Brandl, professor of literature in the Imperial University of Berlin; and Donald G. Mitchell, the eminent American litterateur.

Essentially a Home Treasure

In the home the International Library forms a centre round which all the better feelings of the members of a family will naturally settle. Young people it will attract, interest, and instruct. To grow up with the best portions of the world's best books about one—available for any leisure moments—is to grow up in an atmosphere of inspiration. To boys it will act as a spur and incentive to ambition. Girls who have access to it will become imbued with the natural grace and tenderness, the trustfulness, hope, and courage which they will find embodied in the entrancing stories of home life in these pages. And the older members of the family will always find gratification in studying the record of the past and the promise of the future. They will find revealed the great events of the world from the remotest dawn of civilisation, when dreams gradually gave way to practical intelligence and mind became supreme, to the present time of hustle, bustle, and money-making.

Some 1,000 Authors are represented. Not a dull page in the whole 20 volumes.

Superb in Appearance

This great work in this latest form is equal to the costlier edition in paper, printing, or binding. Each of the 20 volumes contains 500 pages, 10,000 pages in all; they are beautifully printed on first-class book paper, the type is large, clear, bold, and grateful to the eye; and although the volumes are large they are not unwieldy, but can be held in the hand with ease and comfort.

The Pictures

The 500 Full-Page Illustrations are reproductions of famous works of art, portraits of authors, photographs of them at work in their homes, etc., etc.

2/6 down, and 5/- a month

You pay only 2/6 down, and the twenty big sumptuous volumes, and the specially designed handsome fumed-oak bookcase are sent, carriage paid, to your home in London, or your railway station in the country; and you have nothing more to pay until the books and bookcase have been in your home for a whole month. After one clear month you commence paying 5/- a month for a few months until the Library is paid for.

Decide at once to avoid delay

At the rate the libraries are being sold, only the promptest of the prompt can hope for early delivery. Orders are filled in rotation, first come, first served; and delay, in ordering may mean weeks of waiting; therefore, if you wish to make sure of a library, send at once (a postcard will do) for the descriptive booklet and specimen pages, sent post free.

NAME.

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ADDRESS.

FIRE AND SUNK.

Terrible Disaster to the
Battleship Mikasa.

HUGE CASUALTIES.

Magazine Explodes and Blows a
Huge Rent in the Vessel's Side.

Admiral Togo's superb flagship, Mikasa, has become the victim of a terrible disaster. Only the barest details are to hand as to how Japan has lost the gem of her fleet—a loss which in money represents over a million sterling, and deprives her of such a tremendous asset of naval strength as can hardly be estimated.

After braving the murderous mines and the fearful onslaughts in front of Port Arthur, after leading the brilliant dash which spelt destruction to Rojestvensky's squadron, the Mikasa, ironically enough, has succumbed to one of those mysterious catastrophes of peace, and with her have perished, it is feared, hundreds of Japan's brave sons.

The great fighting leviathan, about Sunday midnight, mysteriously caught fire. Her crew fought the flames with characteristic energy, but without avail.

ONLY BARE DETAILS.

The fire reached the after-magazine, there was a terrific explosion, a huge hole was made in the side of the warship beneath the water-line, and she sank.

The Naval Department of Tokio has issued just the bare details, and terrible they are. No suggestion has yet been made as to the cause.

Theories will multiply, of course, and some of them will be sinister enough in view of the widespread disaffection which has raged throughout Japan in consequence of the peace terms.

In a general sense the disaster recalls the mysterious sinking of the Maine in American waters.

The calamity has caused widespread consternation throughout Japan, and it is stated that not only members of the crew are amongst the victims but many men from other ships, who courageously went to the assistance of their ill-fated brethren.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT.

Huge Vessel Catches Fire, and Is Sunk by
Magazine Explosion.

TOKIO, Tuesday, 2 p.m.—The Navy Department announces that the Mikasa caught fire at midnight on the 10th, the cause of the outbreak being unknown.

Before the crew could be rescued, the flames reached the aft magazine, which exploded, blowing a hole in the port side below the water line and causing the vessel to sink.

The casualties number 599, including a number of men from other ships who went to the rescue. The cause of the fire is under investigation.—Reuter.

SUPERB WARSHIP.

Built in England at Cost of £1,000,000, She
Proved Magnificent in Action.

The Mikasa was one of the finest warships in existence. As a fighting unit she was of invaluable service to Japan during the past two years, and if the war was still in progress her loss would have been a terrible one to the nation to which she belonged.

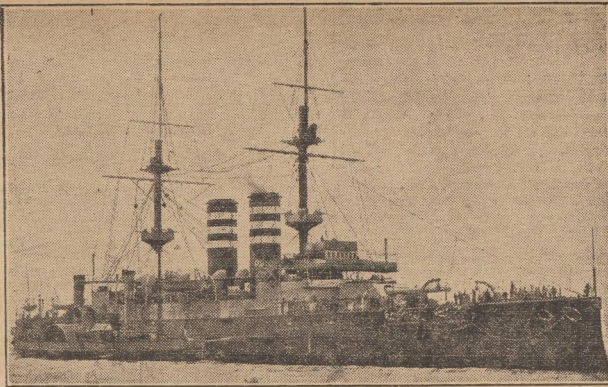
She was built by Messrs. Vickers, Maxims, and Co. in 1900, and cost considerably over £1,000,000. Her armament was of Krupp steel, and she carried four 12in., fourteen 6in., and thirty other guns of various calibre.

She cruised continuously with the Japanese squadron outside Port Arthur during the earlier days of the war, and had some very narrow escapes of being blown up by mines.

She was the flagship of Admiral Togo, who, while leading the attack on the Russian fleet outside Port Arthur on August 10 of last year, nearly met his fate from a shell which exploded very close to him.

In May last rumours were circulated in Paris that the Mikasa had been lost—a rumour which is believed to have urged on Admiral Rojestvensky in making his dash through the Straits of Tsushima. The Mikasa was regarded by the Japanese naval authorities as the most effective and satisfactory type of warship.

She had a displacement of 15,200 tons, and her length over all was 426ft. On trials she attained a speed of 18.6 knots. Her complement was 730.



The finest battleship in the Japanese navy. Built in England. Visited us at the Queen's Diamond Jubilee.

CAUCASUS HOLY WAR.

Christian Churches Pillaged and Desecrated at Baku.

A terrible state of affairs prevails in the Caucasus.

A holy war has been proclaimed.

No sooner has the revolt at Baku shown signs of being suppressed than fire and sword are carried across the length and breadth of the land.

According to the latest advices, the Tartars are completely out of hand and are pillaging the Armenian monasteries and murdering the women and children.

Scenes of indescribable horror are being enacted, and all the silk, copper, and naphtha industries and the fishing trades are being destroyed.

The districts of Zangezur and Jibrail are swarming with Tartar bands under the leadership of chiefs, and in some cases accompanied by Tartar police officials, says a Reuter message.

Green banners, the emblem of Mohammedans, are carried, and a holy war is being prosecuted.

All Armenians, without distinction of sex or age, are being massacred.

Many thousands of Tartar horsemen have crossed the Perso-Russian frontier and joined the insurgents.

GENERAL MASSACRE.

Horrible scenes attended the destruction of the village of Minkind. Three hundred Armenians were massacred. Mutilated children were thrown to the dogs, and the few survivors were forced to embrace Islamism.

Advices received from Baku, says Reuter, state that the Tartars, not content with stealing the ecclesiastical vessels, have committed every possible desecration in the churches.

In one instance an ikon of the Virgin Mary was riddled with bullets, and the words "All Christians are foul" written across it.

According to telegrams from Tiflis, Prince Tumanoff, Inspector of Railways, was murdered at Aotcheik Station by the guard of a train.

The Superior of Maras Monastery reports that the monastery has been pillaged, and that all the relics and vessels have been stolen.

Telegrams from Baku received by British managers of oil companies in St. Petersburg, says Reuter, state that firing on a general scale has ceased, but that isolated shooting affrays are frequent, and that no truce has been concluded between the Tartars and the Armenians.

"ELEVATED" DISASTER.

Driver of the Wrecked Train Disappears and
Cannot Be Found.

New York, Tuesday.—The driver of the elevated train which was wrecked yesterday has not yet been found. No more deaths have taken place. Most of the dead were terribly mangled, their bodies being dismembered and their limbs scattered in the street.

Shops in the vicinity were turned into temporary hospitals, and the injured were laid in rows to await their turn at the hands of the surgeons.

Where the trains struck the switch leading into the Sixth-avenue route there were no guard rails to stop its rapid flight. This defect made the curve dangerous.—Central News.

JOY THROUGH A BANKRUPTCY.

PARIS, Tuesday.—The ladies of Paris are rejoicing over the gigantic sale which is one of the results of the failure of M. Jaluzot, the "Whiteley" of Paris.

The "Printemps," his great drapery establishment, is in a state of siege, the doors only being opened to admit the customers in batches.

DYNAMITE PLOT.

Attempt by Miscreants to Blow Up a
Vast Reservoir Dam.

A dastardly outrage has been perpetrated at Milford, Iowa, says a Laffan message.

An attempt was made to blow up the State dam at Milford, and had the miscreants succeeded the loss of life would have been appalling.

The dam is the largest artificial body of water in the Western States, and covers an area of many square miles.

It was only by a miracle that a disaster did not take place, and it was by chance that the attempt was discovered.

One hundred and fifty pounds of dynamite had been used in one charge, but fortunately the fuse burnt out before it reached the explosive.

The miscreants were seen to scurry away from the dam, and suspicions being aroused, an examination was made, with the result that the fuse was found.

SEASICKNESS AND CRAMP.

Mr. Burgess Has To Give Up Channel Swim
After Three Hours.

Once more the Channel has beaten a man who attempted to swim across it.

Mr. Burgess, the Yorkshireman, had to give up at 2.42 yesterday morning, owing to seasickness and cramp, after having been in the water for three hours and seven minutes. He was then six miles from the Admiralty Pier at Dover.

Although handicapped by a wrenched and bruised leg, the swimmer started well. His four and a half hours' swim through Paris had not apparently affected his powers.

But the sea was cold and he complained of being stung by jelly-fish, while all attempts to allay his seasickness failed.

HUNT FOR A RICH CARGO.

Divers To Seek for £140,000 Worth of Rubber
in Crocodile-Infested Amazon.

Captain Richards, chief of the Liverpool Salvage Association, and a staff of divers, left the Mersey yesterday for the Amazon, with a view to recovering the cargo of the Booth Liner Cyril, which was sunk by collision.

The Cyril had a valuable cargo, including a consignment of rubber valued at £140,000. The ship sank in fifteen fathoms of water.

The work will be of a peculiarly adventurous nature, as the river teems with crocodiles.

MORE HOPEFUL OUTLOOK.

France, Germany, and Morocco May Come to
an Agreement at an Early Date.

PARIS, Tuesday.—M. Revoil and Dr. von Rosen, the new German Minister to Morocco, had a further conference this morning on the Moroccan question.

It is stated that their first interviews produced the most satisfactory impression and that an agreement is probable at a very early date.—Reuter.

RAINS THAT MEAN SALVATION.

LAHORE, Tuesday.—Ten inches of rain has fallen in thirty-six hours in the drought-affected districts, completely revolutionising the agricultural situation.

DONCASTER.

Brilliant Scene and Enthusiastic
Greeting on the Town Moor.

ST. LEGER SENSATIONS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

DONCASTER, Tuesday Night.—Doncaster welcomed with sunny skies and cheering crowds the arrival of the King, who came as the guest of Lord and Lady Savile to Rufford Abbey for the Doncaster races. There was an enormous crowd present on the course when his Majesty drove up to the historic Town Moor shortly after one o'clock. He was in an open carriage preceded by outriders and escorted by a small detachment of mounted police.

The King, looking in robust health, and attired in Ascot style, was received by the leading officials of the race committee. His Majesty took the keenest interest in the racing, but did not leave the royal balcony save for the luncheon interval.

The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, Lord and Lady Cadogan, and Lord Dalmeny were among the earliest arrivals. Lord Rosebery's second son, the Hon. Neil Primrose, was also present, and one of the sensational items of news heard concerned the Rosebery colours, it being announced that Cicero, winner of the Derby, had been scratched from the St. Leger.

SERIES OF MISHAPS.

The great race has to a large extent been spoiled by a series of unexampled mishaps within a few days. The storm has prevented the French champion, Val d'Or, from crossing, and it is not yet clear that Mr. Neumann's Llangibby may not also be seceded, as the colt is coughing badly.

Lord Leonfield, Lord St. Oswald, and Lord Fitzwilliam were prominent figures in the paddock as Black Arrow was saddled for the most coveted prize of the day, the Champagne Stakes. The colt was regularly mobbed by gaily dressed ladies, and behaved extremely well under the pressure of these well-meant attentions. The youngster also deputed himself quite nicely at the starting-gate, but he absolutely declined to gallop in the actual contest, and was again ignominiously beaten. Even that devoted admirer of the quondam champion, Mrs. Hall Walker, was surprised by his erratic behaviour. The King watched the race in company with Lord Cadogan.

THE KING'S CONGRATULATIONS.

His Majesty obviously took a great interest in the Glasgow Nursery, which was won in runaway style by Lord Fitzwilliam's Foresight, and that lucky owner was immediately afterwards the recipient of the royal congratulations.

Lord Cholmondeley was among those present, and he must have been amused at the variegated rumours current with regard to his horse, Bulbo. That candidate, officially reported dead, was afterwards officially declared alive, and to emphasise the resurrection was put up as a competitor. But Bulbo did not run.

A remarkable feature of the afternoon was the success attending Mr. Henning's colours, in winning the Doncaster Welter with Best Light and the Great Yorkshire Stakes with Airship. The latter, an extremely pretty contest over the whole circuit of the course, was especially fancied by the ladies, whose fortunes for the most part were pinned to the pink silks sported by the Australian owner.

Many of the toilettes were of summer gaiety, and all day long a light north-west wind scarcely tempered the rays of a June-like sun.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Ten deaths from plague and twenty-three new cases are reported from Zanzibar.

For cruelty to subordinates in 345 cases, Corporal Thau, of the Prussian Grenadier Guards, has at Berlin been sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment.

A 300-ton steamer, name unknown, has been blown up at Kalfskoor, off the coast of Finland. She was carrying arms, and her intended mission remains a mystery.

Diplomatic relations between the United States and Turkey are somewhat strained because the Porte has sentenced to death an Armenian who is an American citizen.

Mr. Frank Green, manager of the Craven Bank, Nelson (Lancs), was charged, on his own confession, yesterday, with having robbed the bank of £2,000, and remanded.

TODAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—North-westerly breeze, fine and sunny generally; warm day, rather cold night.

Lighting-up time: 7.15 p.m.

Sea passages will be smooth to moderate.

Increase in Lunacy.

"Nearly all England's 120,000 lunatics have been driven mad by some form of worry. Most of them have been worried into asylums by the burden of rent, rates, and taxes."

In addition to another slight earthquake shock at Messina and the formation of another volcano near Monalto comes the pronouncement of the directors of the Florence Observatory that further earthquakes are probable.

Not many idle peers, however, suffer as Lord Clair does. Nellie P. Francis thinks it a pity he should not take life more seriously. So she follows him to England, having made his acquaintance in Boston, and takes a situation as cook in the house of a friend with whom he is staying in order that she may convert him to a proper sense of his responsibilities.

In Nellie's train there comes also from America a strenuous young admirer of her, who takes every opportunity of imploring her to return home. Eventually she does so, but not before she has won all hearts, including those of the audience.

Miss June van Buskirk plays this part, not an easy one, with a pretty charm, and Mr. James Carew is very good as her American lover. He introduces an air of reality into the piece, which for the rest it mostly lacks.

Miss Fanny Brough's part is that of a woman who conceals a tender nature under a hard casing of business-like activity. Her incisive style is as effective as ever, and she had a very warm welcome. Mr. Yorke Stephens is a shade too light and airy as Lord Clair.

Mr. Robert Vernon Harcourt, the author of "An Angel Unawares," is a son of the late Sir William Harcourt. He seems to have ideas, and with practice may write quite a good play.

SIR EDWARD ELGAR'S ADVICE.

Honoured by Worcester, He Urges Popular Musical Performances.

Sir Edward Elgar, the famous composer, was presented with the freedom of the city of Worcester in a silver casket yesterday.

In reply, Sir Edward urged the City Fathers to build large halls, in which the working classes could hear such works as the "Messiah" for sixpence.

Relatives, friends, and admiring citizens, who had assembled at the Guildhall for the ceremony afterwards went to the cathedral to hear the composer's work. "The Dream of Gerontius."

NO DELAY POSSIBLE.

Curious Sequel to a Remarkable Breach of
Promise Case.

An unusual course was followed at the Old Bailey Sessions yesterday, when a request was made for delay until next sessions of a voluntary indictment, made by Major Apthorpe, charging Miss Ferrier with perjury during a breach of promise action.

Miss Ferriers, it will be remembered, was awarded very heavy damages for alleged breach of promise by Major Anthonie.

In dismissing the application the Recorder said that before a person preferred a charge of perjury he ought to be in a position to offer sufficient evidence to support it.

It was pointed out that an important witness could not be found in time. "I am not going to keep this case hanging over Miss Ferriers's head," said the Recorder. "The bill must come before the Grand Jury."

REASONS FOR MOUSTACHES.

Strike of 10,000 Porters Hanging in the Balance.

A strike involving 10,000 of the brawnier labourers in London may be the outcome of a meeting between the coal porters and their employers to-morrow.

Hundreds of men gathered at the headquarters of the Coal Porters' Union in Clerkenwell-road last night to discuss the reductions in wages proposed by the Coal Merchants' Society.

Mr. Harry Brill, president of the union, and the idol of the men, says that if no compromise is possible a strike will probably occur, but that no definite action can be taken until after to-morrow's meeting with the employers.

The proposed reductions are :—		
	Present price, per ton.	Reduced price, per ton.
Sidings—		
Loading coal, big sacks.....	0s. 8½d.	0s. 7½d.
" small sacks.....	0s. 11½d.	0s. 10½d.
Loading coal in bulk	0s. 8d.	0s. 6d.
Riverside wharves—		
Loading coal in big sacks...	1s. 0½d.	0s. 11d.
" small sacks...	1s. 6½d.	1s. 5d.

AGAPEMONITE'S BREAD INTEREST.

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It is understood that the refusal of Mr. Charles S. Read to resign his directorship of the V.V. Bread Company on account of his being a prominent member of the Agapemone at Spaxton, will be discussed in private at to-day's meeting of the company.

A hopper stated he purchased half a pound of this bacon at his shop and found it unfit to eat.

Wild Beasts and Birds Drown the
Voice of the Auctioneer.

NO BIDS FOR THE YAK.

A curious scene was witnessed yesterday at Margate when seventy wild beasts, birds, and animals were sold by auction at Lord George Sanger's Hall-by-the-Sea.

Amidst a scene of indescribable confusion the auctioneer opened the proceedings at one o'clock with a short speech. Interruptions were frequent, owing to the fact that thirteen cockatoos and five macaws all felt called upon to "speak a few words" to the company assembled at one and the same time.

In spite of the din the sale commenced, and a cage of five birds—vultures, hawks, and an owl—was knocked down for 45s.

The hyenas nearly died of laughing when they only fetched 25s. apiece, though one, who was on friendly terms with the lions, reached 42s.

"That comes of mixing with the aristocracy," he seemed to say haughtily.

Brisk Bidding for Lions.

Chief interest centred in the lions, and when they were put up competition grew much keener. "Nero" fetched thirty guineas, "Victoria" twenty-six guineas, and the mighty "Emperor," who can do "parlour tricks" was knocked down to Mr. Bostock for 4125s.

The graceful llamas, with their liquid brown eyes, languidly listened whilst they were knocked down at 48 10s., 410 10s., and 40 10s., the cockatoos bid briskly for themselves. They could not outbid, however, a gentleman who offered 15s. a head for thirteen of them.

Peacocks at half a crown each seem cheap enough, and two were sold at that price, whilst five macaws fetched 42 12s. 6d.

The climax of the tragedy (or comedy) was reached when no one would accept the auctioneer's invitation to bid a sovereign for a highly respectable and patriarchal-looking Tibetan yak.

Hyenas and monkeys laughed and chattered, and parrots and macaws shrieked as if in derision.

But the ancient yak seemed to take it very philosophically, consoled perhaps by the reflection that the other sixty-nine had only realised a little over 4500s.

STOLE TO SEE HER SON.

Woman Saved from Prison Because of Her
Exemplary Industry.

Because she was an industrious and well-conducted woman, considerable sympathy was displayed at West Ham yesterday towards Lillian Bobey, who tearfully admitted that she had been tempted to rob her mistress's house while the latter and her family were away holiday-making.

She told the West Ham magistrate that she had sold the stolen goods to raise money to go and see her son, who was away in a home.

Her mistress said she felt very sorry for Bobey, and did not wish to press the charge, and a number of ladies for whom the woman worked spoke so highly of her that the Bench bound her over under the First Offenders Act.

LOVE IN A CHAPEL.

Jilted Sweetheart's Health Injured by Constantly
Seeing Successful Rival.

The love affairs of Miss Kate Annie Horler and William Lintell, both of Street, in Somerset, were the subject of kindly interest on the part of the local Wesleyan congregation, of which the couple were members.

There was a great uplifting of eyebrows when the rift came, and Mr. Lintell no longer escorted Miss Horler to chapel. Gossip intensified when he proceeded to pay court to another girl.

It was the other girl he married, which to all true lovers sounds but enough, but human endurance was exceeded when the young husband and wife every Sunday occupied seats near the girl he had failed to marry.

There was a considerable amount of candid comment, and Miss Horler's health gave way under the unkind treatment.

Yesterday she was awarded 4150 damages for breach of promise in the under-sheriff's court at Yeovil.

TWO DELAYS AND A DIFFERENCE

On taking his seat seventeen minutes late in the City Summons Court yesterday the first thing Sir Horatio Davies, M.P., did was to order a driver to pay two shillings for delaying his omnibus two minutes in the City.

Receipts of the railway companies of the United Kingdom in 1904 amounted to 411,833,000, as shown by the Board of Trade return issued yesterday.

The total working expenditure was 439,173,000, and the net earnings 442,660,000, as against 442,327,000 in 1903.

The total length of the running track was approximately 37,900 miles, exclusive of some 13,700 miles of sidings.

The numbers of ordinary passengers of each class (exclusive of season ticket-holders) carried were 34,931,000 first-class in 1904, as against 35,069,000 in 1903, showing a decrease of 138,000.

The decrease, however, in the number of the first-class was small compared with the decrease of second-class passengers, of whom there were 72,991,000 in 1903, and only 71,294,000 last year.

In third-class passengers there was a great increase, but the increase was at a slower rate than before. Doubtless the competition of trams was the cause.

The total receipts from all classes of passenger traffic, including season ticket-holders and excess luggage, mails, parcels, carriages, horses and dogs, etc., amounted last year to 448,388,000, an increase of 4419,000 over 1903, and the goods traffic receipts were 455,400,000, an increase of 4290,000.

If the railways of the United Kingdom were a State concern, the Government could wipe off this year about one-seventeenth of the National Debt.

LAST NEW FLOWERS.

Novel Shades and Shapes for Begonias,
Dahlias, and Asters.

That flowers are affected by the modern craze for the abnormal was proved by many of the exhibits at the autumn show of the Royal Horticultural Society at Westminster Autumn yesterday.

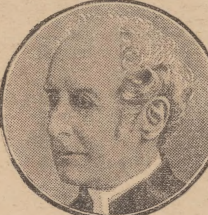
No longer are the real old-fashioned autumn flowers the features of the show. There are no asters, no heavy-headed, earwiggy dahlias, no simple phloxes, no showy begonias.

Instead there are masses of exquisitely-coloured, delicate, scentless blooms, bearing the old names, but as different in appearance as chalk from cheese.

The greatest change is perhaps seen in the dahlias. Now they are exquisite, feathery blooms, looking like the rarer sorts of Japanese chrysanthemums. And the colouring! "Butterfly," one is called—a round beauty whirled like a Catherine wheel in shades of rich crimson and white.

There are a number of new shades in the streptocarpus; "real millinery blues," as one lady aptly remarked.

OLDEST CANON DEAD.



Canon Nicholl, who was rector of Streatham from 1842, has just died at the age of ninety-six. He was at Eton with Mr. Gladstone.

FORGIVEN FORGER.

Seeks To Defraud a Firm That Pardoned
His Theft of £2,000.

Eight years ago Henry John Valder, in the prime of life, was a confidential clerk at a firm in the City. According to a statement made in the Old Bailey yesterday, he, at about that time, forged cheques to the amount of £2,000, but the firm decided not to prosecute him.

After his dismissal the members of the concern took the precaution of altering their signatures.

Valder did not know of this, and about a month ago he presented a cheque drawn on half a sheet of notepaper with the old signatures, and was arrested.

Nine months' hard labour was his sentence.

MOTOR-OMNIBUS BURNT OUT.

While the chauffeur was refilling the petrol tank of a motor-omnibus at Kingston-on-Thames, yesterday, the petrol became ignited, and, despite every effort, the vehicle was completely destroyed. There were no passengers at the time.

FIREWORKS NIGHTLY.

The *Daily Mirror* is not only the brightest picture paper of the day—it also organises practical schemes for making its readers bright and happy.

For three whole days, September 21, 22, and 23, from ten o'clock in the morning until eleven o'clock at night, the *Daily Mirror* offers a round of unending amusement to all its readers free of cost.

The scheme is gigantic, but it was tried last year on September 24, and was eminently successful. This year the programme has developed considerably, and there is every prospect of its being even more successful than before.

On the mornings of September 21, 22, and 23 next, our readers will find a coupon in their paper. They will cut out, and hasten to the Crystal Palace, they will discover it has the magic property of opening all the delights of that place of amusement to them free of charge!

For Wives and Children.

Ordinarily they would have to pay one shilling for the privilege, but for these three days the coupon is sufficient. The married man with his wife and family need only buy a sufficient number of *Daily Mirror* coupons at a halfpenny each to provide a coupon for each member of his family.

Last year we had but 210,000 readers, and by straining the resources of the Palace to its utmost there is accommodation for 200,000 people. This September, however, the *Daily Mirror* circulation has mounted up to 351,000. In order, therefore, that all our readers may enjoy a day at the Palace in comfort, we have decided to spread our gala over three days.

But a word of warning is necessary here. Let all our readers make doubly sure of obtaining their *Daily Mirror* coupons on these dates, for there will be an unexpected rush for them, especially when we publish our programme.

Just remember the dates—September 21, 22, 23, just remember to get your *Daily Mirror* on these dates, just remember to cut out your coupons, and you will have "all the fun of the fair"—for nothing.

THE HARMSWORTH LIBRARY.

Important Qualities That Spell Perfection in
Book Production.

The first ten volumes of "The Harmsworth Library"—which are now on sale everywhere at one shilling each—present an object-lesson in the qualities which go to make a perfect book. They exactly fulfil the requirements laid down by the greatest authorities on the subject.

Dr. Johnson said: "Books that can be held in the hand and carried to the fireside are the best of all." The volumes in "The Harmsworth Library" measure 6½ by 4½ inches—the most convenient size for handling and carrying in the pocket.

Ruskin said: "The books we need ought to be on the best paper." "The Harmsworth Library" is printed on specially manufactured paper, closely resembling the famous rag papers used before the cheaper ones were introduced. The paper is thin, tough, and opaque, and although some of the volumes exceed seven hundred pages yet none are unduly bulky.

"Valuable books should be printed in excellent form," said Ruskin, "but not in any vile, vulgar, or, by reason of smallness of type, physically injurious form." "The Harmsworth Library" is printed in very clear and legible new type, beautiful to look at and easy to read.

Ruskin always maintained that good books should be "strongly bound." The volumes of "The Harmsworth Library" are strongly bound in art linen with elaborately gilt backs in chaste design. Each book is thrice sewn with double thread, and is intended to last a lifetime.

Each work in "The Harmsworth Library" is complete and unabridged, and no such value has ever before been offered for a shilling. The first ten volumes can now be seen at all booksellers and newsagents.

RABBIT AS RENT.

A Nottingham man, who was yesterday fined 10s. and costs by the city magistrates for cruelty to a tame rabbit, offered the animal to his landlady in part payment for rent.

She refused it, so he threw it at her and broke its leg.

£20,000 FIRE ON THE CLYDE.

Damage, estimated at £20,000, was caused yesterday by fire in the Clyde Ropeworks, Greenock, the buildings being gutted.

Passengers by the liner *Victorian*, stranded near Quebec, are returning by the *Bavarian*. The *Victorian* has been refloated and docked.

The Willesden police gave in the local court yesterday a remarkable story of the discovery they made at a house in Iverson-road, West Hampstead, occupied by Mrs. Louisa Lilliecap, a good-looking woman of about middle age.

Mrs. Lilliecap was yesterday charged with stealing a pair of opera-glasses and other property to the value of £10 from her employer, Mrs. Hesley, of Brondesbury Park, Willesden Green.

The police stated that, having received complaints that articles were missing from other houses where Mrs. Lilliecap worked as a needlewoman, they made a thorough search of her eight-roomed residence.

It bore, they say, the appearance of a pawnshop. There were hundreds of unopened parcels. Some evidently came from Kensington and others from Hampstead and places nearer home.

There were choice ornaments and lovely china of Worcester, Derby, and Sevres, and bronzes to delight the connoisseur, and dresses which would be the envy of most women.

There were handsome pictures, as well as many articles *du vertu*.

Not one parcel had been opened. It will take several days to remove the goods.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Lilliecap is remanded for a week.

POCKETS FULL OF GOLD.

Affable Person Who Offered Hospitality and
Wanted Change for a £5 Note.

"He does not get up until one or two in the afternoon, and then goes out without a cent, often coming back at night with his pockets full of gold."

So the police were informed by the landlady of James Grant, living in the Grav's Inn-road district.

Grant was yesterday remanded at Clerkenwell Police Court on a charge of frequenting St. Pancras Station with felonious intent.

He was seen to make the acquaintance of two gentlemen, one of whom was going to Liverpool and the other to Glasgow. Grant said he was going to both places. The police suspect him of playing the "confidence trick."

He invited one of the gentlemen to have a drink, and on their way to the bar he said, "I have no small change. Can you cash me a £5 note?" When arrested Grant had no money on him.

HOPING FOR MIRACLES.

Large Party of Roman Catholic Pilgrims Leave
London for Lourdes.

Many pathetic scenes occurred on Charing Cross platform yesterday, when ninety-six English Roman Catholics left London for a pilgrimage to Lourdes.

Among the pilgrims were several cripples and victims of consumption, paralysis, and lupus, whose faces lighted up as their friends expressed hopes that they would return cured.

Each of the ninety-six ladies and gentlemen wore pilgrim badges. During the pilgrimage their prayers are to be: (1) For the Holy Father; (2) Conversion of England; (3) Restoration of religious peace in France; (4) Private intention of each pilgrim.

The party left by special train, and will reach Lourdes this evening.

"UNDER THE LAW OF MOSES."

Hebraic Divorce Which, However, Does Not
Hold Good in this Country.

Highly complicated and very singular was the matrimonial tangle which has just been submitted to the Nottingham magistrates.

A Jewish woman complained that her husband owed her £30 under a maintenance order. The husband, holding aloft a much-begrimed document, triumphantly declared it was a divorce.

With the aid of an interpreter it was revealed that the parties were married at Warsaw, and at about the time the maintenance order was made the husband divorced his wife in Paris under the Law of Moses.

It was pointed out that, though this was recognised abroad, it is not recognised here until divorce under the civil law had been obtained. Hence the wife's order stood.

"GENERAL DEALER INTACT."

Recorder (at the Old Bailey yesterday): What are you?—Witness: A general dealer intact. What! What is that?—Well, sell everything from a pin to a bit of greenocracy.

THE MODERN GIRL.

Her Love of Dress May Be Only a Superficial Weakness.

PATIENT WORKERS.

A tribute to the courage of a certain class of modern girls is paid in one of the letters below:—

FROM THE EAST END.

I cannot help thinking that "Fore-armed" has been most unfortunate in having come in contact with such a very low grade of girls as those he describes.

I am in charge of a workroom with 130 girls, and should like "Fore-armed" to come with me to some of their homes and see many, struggling bravely against fearful odds, keeping the wolf from the door, while fathers and brothers are often drinking away the money that might bring comfort and ease to the rest of the family. I could pick out quite three dozen girls who are almost the sole support of widowed mothers, and in several cases afflicted brothers or sisters.

For pity's sake, "Fore-armed," don't imagine that because a girl wears a row of beads, which at any rate are clean, that she is a "compound of artificiality and conceit," for under some of the tawdry finery, which, I admit, one regrets to see, there are often loving, unselfish hearts; and one only needs to know something of their everyday life to overlook the little vanities which, after all, are human (and not confined to our sex), and to feel nothing but respect for the lives which to a great extent are kept low by circumstances.

ANOTHER BUSINESS GIRL.

"PNEUMONIA" BLOUSES.

I am a staunch supporter of "Fore-armed" and "A Determined Bachelor."

The "Modern Girl," from youth upwards, certainly thinks of little else but dress, and her ideas of sensible clothes are peculiar. She must have a "pneumonia" blouse to protect one of the most delicate parts of the human body, and high-heeled shoes to throw the body into an unsightly position. "R. E. P." says that a girl's hat will not stop on without hat-pins. Quite right, and it won't stop on even if she wears a dozen—the slightest gust of wind and it is all awry.

The coming fashions show that hats will be "decorated" with birds, or pieces of them; even the poor factory girl will be miserable till she possesses one—she can no longer wear her summer hat, trimmed with hideous fruit, or flowers, or hues which never existed in nature! But even if she is clothed in the fashion to her heart's desire to-day, in less than a month you will hear from her the eternal feminine cry, "I can't go out, as I have nothing fit to wear."

CYNICS.

Kennington, S.E.

INCONSISTENT MAN.

I think it is a pity that a "Determined Bachelor" is not more just when he speaks of the London girl as a mass of vanity.

I am a business girl, and have met many girls of different classes, but have failed to notice that, as a whole, they are immodest, although, to my regret, I have to admit there are a few who disgrace us, and whom we blush to acknowledge.

Men are difficult to please. When we wore long skirts we were sneered at, and told that street-sweepers would no longer be required, and now we wear short ones we are accused of being vulgar.

Men, too, like to see girls look smart, but are the first to exclaim at the expense should they be called upon to meet it. Certainly they are not a consistent sex!

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

Maida Hill, W.

THE MODERN YOUNG MAN.

As everybody seems to be taking up the cudgels against the "modern girl," it is not time that somebody should give their unvarnished opinion of the modern young man?

If the "modern girl," as one of your correspondents says, "is undoubtedly a mass of silly vanity and extravagance," what about the vanities and extravagance of the average poor one meets almost everywhere. If the girls wear showy blouses, do not the men wear showy waistcoats to correspond? and if the "modern girl" is otherwise irrational in her dress, do not men equally wear ridiculously tight trousers and collars that nearly cut their heads off?

FAIR PLAY.

CARRY

"ANSWERS."

Free Amusement throughout England if you carry "Answers" on Saturday. For List of places see This Week's "ANSWERS."

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Second-crop strawberries were on sale at a West End shop yesterday. They were of the "British Queen" variety, and came from Mid-Kent.

Upwards of 420 has been subscribed, so far, for the two Witham railway signalmen whose promptitude and presence of mind averted an even greater disaster.

There are this week forty-one John Joneses employed on the Cardiff Corporation tramways. To distinguish them from each other on the books they are numbered.

Benchers of Gray's Inn have requested the authorities to have "silent" road-paving laid outside their offices in Theobald's road when the tramways are reconstructed for electric traction.

Leaving £3,000 in trust for her granddaughter, Miss E. A. M. Lemercier, the late Mrs. Barbara Wells, of Southampton, expressed a desire that her granddaughter should at no time go to France.

Mr. Edward Waugh, solicitor, of Haywards Heath, Sussex, yesterday celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his appointment as clerk to the Cuckfield Bench, which office he still holds at seventy-five.

In an Army return, issued yesterday, it is stated that 40,339 men enlisted in 1903—2,040 for long service. One thousand three hundred and thirty-two deserted, and 1,577 were discharged for misconduct and 1,182 for inefficiency.

After revolving 176 times a minute for two and a half hours inside one of the great spur wheels in a large machinery works at Kilmarnock, N.B., a jackdaw fell out insensible, but quickly recovered. It must have entered the wheel during the night.

Objection by the Liberals to the vote of Mr. William Waldorf Astor, the millionaire, in respect of his offices on the Victoria Embankment, was withdrawn yesterday, his secretary stating that Mr. Astor frequently resided there.

The Rev. Alexander Lewis, D.D., the eloquent American preacher, a descendant of one of the "Pilgrim Fathers," will preach his farewell sermons at Brixton Congregational Church next Sunday morning and evening.

For the city trusteeship of Limerick, a position worth £250 a year, candidates must pass a test examination in Joyce's "Outlines of Irish History," and the first books of Father O'Guiney's "Irish Course."

Found wandering near Denbigh, in November, 1902, a lunatic, who was yesterday transferred to the charge of the county, still remains unidentified. No one knows who he is or whence he came.

One of the growing evils of modern life, stated the Liberal agent at Halifax yesterday, is the large number of houses held in the name of the wife, even when the husband is living with her.

Cardiff will to-morrow be visited by the oil convict ship, Success, which has been exhibited at various ports in the kingdom and has everywhere excited great interest.

After much consideration the Army Council have decided to rearm the Royal Horse and Field Artillery with the new short magazine Lee-Enfield rifle.

Ladies will adjudicate to-night in a "beauty show" of gentlemen at the Southend Kursaal.

Fifty wasps were found in the interior of one pear at Barnstable yesterday.

"DAILY MIRROR" DAYS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, September 21, 22, and 23, "Daily Mirror" readers will be admitted free to the Crystal Palace.

For breaking open an automatic telephone-box and stealing 9s. 1d. in coppers from it, Frederick Johns was yesterday sentenced at Stratford to two months' imprisonment. It was stated that seventy public-telephones have been damaged in this way during the last few weeks.

To check furious motoring, a revival of the old turnpike gates was suggested at yesterday's meeting of the Saffron Walden Rural Council. Tolls could then be collected from motorists towards the upkeep of the roads.

One of the carriages to be used on the Baker-street and Waterloo Electric Railway was conveyed through London yesterday. Its colours were scarlet, red, and white, and the interior was lavishly decorated.

An underground passage, supposed to have been used during the Civil Wars, has been unearthed during excavations in Leeds-road, Dewsbury. It leads to an old house, reputed to be haunted, in the Wakefield-road.

Although there has been a large increase in the number of visitors to Harrogate Spa this season, the receipts from water-drinkers have fallen off, states the borough treasurer.

Her fastest eastern passage was concluded yesterday by the Cunard liner Caronia, from New York in six days, eleven hours, four minutes.

Chester has enrolled its first black voter in the person of Mr. James Vanroosum, a negro from the Straits Settlements.

Slipping on the pavement at Hammersmith yesterday, a wooden-legged man fell and broke his remaining leg.

In respect of bankruptcy proceedings, a sum of £138,096 was received last year.

Sir Daniel Dixon (U.) and Mr. William Walker (Labour) were nominated yesterday for the North Belfast election to-morrow.

After the final meeting to-morrow of Stanwix (Carlisle) Bowling Club there will be a special sermon by the Rev. A. S. Newton, who is a member of the club.

Arrangements are being made by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway for goods and passenger bookings for the new Simplon Tunnel route, over which large quantities of fruit will be conveyed from Italy for London.

Hyde (Cheshire) shopkeepers are vying with each other in supplying a "Sunday's dinner for a shilling." In one shop a shilling will purchase a bag containing one rabbit, 10lb. potatoes, 3lb. carrots and turnips, 2lb. of onions, and a cabbage.

So enthusiastic has the revival made an inhabitant of Rhos, Denbighshire, that on being told that some grass he wished to purchase had been cut from the football ground, he replied, "I would not insult my horse by giving it grass from such a sinful place."

Blindness suddenly afflicting Thomas Crouch and necessitating the forsaking of outdoor exercise nine years ago, he became very fat, and this, according to the coroner's verdict yesterday, was the cause of his sudden death at his home in New-square, near the Tower of London.

"As there appear to be individuals incapable of understanding the orders concerning arrangements for the church parade on Sunday, the G.O.C. wishes it to be understood that the Rev. Dr. Theodore Marshall is alone responsible." This notice was issued yesterday from the military headquarters in Edinburgh.

BILLIARDS SEASON.

Interesting Matches Arranged Between Champions of the Cue.

BOY PRODIGES.

Already the click of the ivory—and boudeline—is heard in the land, and what promises to be one of the most brilliant seasons in the history of billiards has set in.

October 1 to April 30 is the official "billiards season," but already the perennial John Roberts has played an exhibition match at Dublin against F. Bateman. The veteran's engagements for the season form a lengthy list, his opponents including, among others, T. Reece, the winner of last year's American Tournament at Leicester-square; V. Osborne, who won the Pyramids Tournament on the same occasion; J. Chapman, the famous Diggle, A. Llewellyn, the Welsh champion; and T. Aiken, a Scotch professional of repute.

H. W. Stevenson has also a goodly tale of fixtures, and will, doubtless, add to his laurels. Among his matches is one against F. H. Weiss, the Australian champion.

W. A. Lovejoy, the ex-amateur champion, who became a professional last year, will try conclusions with W. Cook, who will grant him 1,000 in 7,300.

MANY BOY BILLIARD PLAYERS.

Diggle, of whom nothing has been seen for some time, will be welcomed by the public, and an interesting game should be Dawson v. Diggle (9,000 up), at Leicester-square, on November 20-25 next.

There are "prodigies" in the world of billiards as in other spheres. Master Tom Tothill, a pupil of Stevenson, is announced as the "real boy champion," but Fred Lawrence, who has his fair share of fixtures, styles himself the "world's greatest boy billiardist. Arnold Tibbottson (age seventeen), "boy champion of Yorkshire," is rivalled by the more embracing claim of Master Walter Willis (age fifteen) to be "boy champion, North of England."

GOLD FOR NEW YORK.

Prices of American Securities Improve on the London Stock Exchange.

CAPEL COURT, Tuesday Evening.—The strength of the stock market continues, investment buying being a noticeable feature, and the new Stock Exchange account having started off with another upward rush. Even Consols have recovered to 90 1-16, and yesterday's fears have evaporated. The buying of Home Rails by investors continues a feature on the trade news being so much better.

The American section seemed to turn round, and took a decided upward movement, and this was because it was discovered that New York had secured the gold in the open market here this week. There is some talk of a firm-being in difficulties in this market, but it is hoped that matters will be arranged without any failure.

Speculators in Hudson's Bays shares were charged as much as 9s. a share in some cases to carry-over. It temporarily affected the price. It looks as though the worst of the Russian oil share scare is over. The Chinese gamble continues, with Pekins and Shansis active, but the former much below the best.

THE EXPERIENCE

OF

W. E. GLADSTONE.

"A financial experience which is long and wide has profoundly convinced me that, as a rule, the State or individual or Company thrives best which dives deepest down into the masses of the community, and adapts its arrangements to the wants of the greatest number."—W. E. GLADSTONE.

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Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1905

WHY COUNTRY PEOPLE GO MAD.

ONLY the other day Sir James Crichton-Browne, the famous doctor, was telling us how much healthier it was to live in the country than in a city.

Straightway we all thought how pleasant it would be to escape from the rush and bustle of town life; how much better we should be in mind and body if our lot had fallen to us in country places. Some of us even began to inquire what sort of a demand there was for labour in the fields.

The annual report upon Lunacy supplies a far truer picture of what life in the country is like. It reminds us of the well-known fact that lunatics are much more numerous in agricultural districts than in densely-populated areas. The reason usually accepted is that monotony leads to madness. People living in the country go off their heads simply because they are so bored by the dullness and sameness of their lives.

At first this seems rather hard to understand. They are living an animal kind of life, eating, sleeping, using their bodily strength. Animals do not go mad. Why should farm labourers?

Well, it is quite true they lead more animal lives than the dwellers in towns, who have all sorts of interests to keep their minds active, and all sorts of diversions, even if only street rows and accidents, to prevent to-day from being exactly like yesterday and to-morrow no different from to-day.

But how widely do the lives of farm labourers differ from those of animals. Animals are always doing something interesting. They make their homes (nests, burrows, warrens, and so on). They are busily occupied bringing up families. Getting their daily food is an exciting business.

The farm labourer gets as little excitement out of life as any creature in the world. Day after day is the same to him all through the year. His work alters with the seasons, it is true, but he knows it all so well that he can do it mechanically, without heart or spirit. His hand is seldom trained to take delight in the changes of nature. At night, after work is done, there is nothing to stir his emotions or give him ideas. He either swills heavy beer or goes to bed.

His life might be changed. There is nothing to prevent the farm labourer should not have a more varied life than he does. The Duke of Devonshire once proposed an alternative to parish life; they would do as the lords do.

Professional amusement is too few for them. But much more people to amuse themselves. A good school of papers, and then women in the hall should be a good thing. There is no reason why the villagers should not have the same amenities as the town dwellers.

It is an event almost every day that shows are capital aids to the amusement of the town dwellers.

Amusement should be better lighted. The darkness and silence of the long evenings is enough to drive people mad without any additional causes. Several correspondents of the *Daily Mirror* have been saying that if the rich people who own the land did not buy expensive clothes, their money would not be put into circulation. Why should not they do more for their villages?

That would give employment, and would also have a lasting benefit behind it. Why the price of one fur jacket might save quite a lot of country people from going mad.

H. H. F.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The fewer one wants the nearer we resemble the gods.—Socrates.

It seems that Doncaster is to be blessed with lovely autumn weather this year. The Rufford Abbey party arrived early yesterday in Lord Savile's box, which looks down on the lawn of what is known as the ladies' stand. This is the smartest enclosure at Doncaster, and corresponds in a smaller degree to the royal enclosure at Ascot. Those who desire admittance to the ladies' stand have to send in their names some time previous to the meeting, and then the committee determine who are eligible and who are not.

The King and all the men in the ladies' stand, and some of the others, such as the Lincoln and County stands, were all wearing tall hats—this has been understood as the correct wear for Doncaster during the last three or four years. The ladies were all wearing their smartest gowns, and amongst those to be seen were the Duchess of Roxburgh, Lady Cadogan, Lady Crewe, Mrs. George Keppel, Mrs. Ronald Greville, Lady Lurgan, Lady de Trafford, Lady Alington, Lady Scarsbrough, Lady Galway, Mrs. Skelington-Smyth, Mrs. Rupert Beckett, Lady Ada Maitland, Lady Garnock, Lady Aline Beaumont, and others belonging to the various house parties round about Yorkshire and Nottingham.

One is sorry to hear that the Right Rev. Sir Lovelace Tomlinson Stamer is still so weak after his recent illness that he is unable to do much work. Sir Lovelace is one of the few

say that at one of her parties she had a lake, with goldfish in it, and water-lilies on it, sunk in the middle of the table, you will realise that her entertainments were very original and, therefore, attractive to jaded members of society in London.

In 1898 Miss Wilson met Prince Alexis Dolgorouki, who was immensely attracted by her from the first, who fell in love, in fact, "at first sight." Shortly after their marriage they took Braemar Castle, and as this is not far from Balmoral the late Queen used occasionally to take tea with the Prince and Princess there, and also invited them to dine, once or twice, at the rather solid and not altogether exhilarating dinner-parties in her famous Scotch home. The Princess is a singularly clever woman, who takes a great interest in her husband's estates in Russia, which she visited not long ago.

Mr. Bram Stoker's new book, "The Man," is meeting with strangely conflicting judgments from the Press. I notice that the "World" praises it as Mr. Stoker's best novel, and as a "wise and thoughtful book." Those epithets were perhaps not the ones that could have been applied to any of his earlier work. That was more often horrifying and creepy, sepulchral and thrilling, than exactly thoughtful and wise. "Dracula," with its atmosphere of the burial vault, its shrouds, vampires, and corpses was, however, an extremely successful attempt at the novel which aims, in the familiar phrase, at making your hair stand on end.

THE CHILD—WHAT WILL HE BECOME?



The Lunacy returns show that the number of weak-minded people is increasing. On the other hand, a very strenuous type of Briton is also rapidly coming to the front. The choice, in fact, seems to lie nowadays between a tremendous development of chin and forehead and none at all.

baronets who are also Bishop-Suffragans. His grandfather, Mr. William Stamer, was created a baronet in 1809. It was he who commanded one of the regiments of Dublin Yeomans during the Irish rebellion, and his eldest son (father of the Bishop of Shrewsbury) served for five years in the Navy, then entered the cavalry, and saw a good deal of hard fighting. It is quite fitting, then, that the descendant of such valiant warriors should have been, as is the case with Dr. Stamer, a military chaplain.

Princess Alexis Dolgorouki has let her house in Upper Grosvenor-street for the month of October. She has been in London, however, for the last few days, and gave a very interesting dinner-party in honour of the beautiful Contessa Morosini at the Savoy on Saturday. The Princess often spends the autumn at Venice, where she has a beautifully-situated house. Her husband is the tenant, too, of rugged old Braemar Castle, quite one of the most authentically mediæval buildings in Scotland. He belongs to one of the oldest families in Russia, and can number a Tsar of the twelfth century amongst his ancestors.

The Princess, as most people will remember, is an Englishwoman, and was a Miss Fleetwood Wilson, the daughter of a rich, but also a cultured and clever, man, who went secretly all into society, and was, therefore, called a "rebel" and looked upon as rather mysterious and unapproachable. Some time after his death Miss Wilson became the "most popular spinster in London," and went into society under the protection of Sir George and Lady Julia Wombwell and of Mrs. Cornwallis West, who at that time was "promoted" mistress of the "Merthorough House Set." Miss Wilson could therefore, have had no better sponsor, and when I

Mr. Stoker is a very hard worker. He writes novels in what is supposed to be his leisure moments. The rest of the time he is the constant companion and business-manager of Sir Henry Irving, whom he always accompanies on American tours. In the old Lyceum days Mr. Stoker was a familiar figure on the staircase of the theatre, arranging on first nights for everybody's comfort, and gently remonstrating with those peculiar players who always want to be placed in the very middle of the very best row, and to have the theatre entirely to themselves—probably without even paying for their seats.

The marriage of Captain C. L. Norman, who is a younger son of the late Sir Henry Norman, and Miss Margaret Reynolds, the only daughter of Sir Alfred and Lady Reynolds, takes place the first week in October. It will be a very quiet affair, as both families are in deep mourning, the bridegroom for his father, and the bride for one of her brothers.

Everybody will be glad to hear that Lady Bancroft is nearly recovered from the accident which happened to her on her way back from Buxton some time ago. Her finger was caught in the door of the railway carriage and terribly hurt, but it has been carefully treated, and has now nearly healed. Lady Bancroft is not generally very well in the summer—she suffers from that hot weather ailment, hay fever, and is therefore glad to get away from London to her house at Westgate, Sir Squire Bancroft, on the other hand, is one of the best-known figures in town, and you may constantly meet him in Bond-street wearing his famous grey top-hat and his equally famous eyeglass.

Sir Squire has not amused the public with any of his delightful "readings" lately. He used to go

round England attracting large audiences at all the big towns with his rendering of Dickens's "Christmas Carol." Once, after reading this to a number of people at a Cromer hotel, he received what he declares was the most spontaneous compliment ever paid him. He heard a schoolboy in the audience turn to his neighbour and exclaim: "I say, that chap's jolly good, you know. He really ought to be an actor."

Sir Robert Jardine, who succeeded his father last year, when he inherited an enormous sum of money, has recently purchased from Miss Ethel Clinton the late Prince Soltykoff's place, Kremlin, a very charming place at Newmarket, where for many years the Prince used to entertain bachelor parties. The price given for it was something like £10,000.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

THE PRICE OF FUR.

If the wealthy did not spend their money on furs, etc., we would then have shop assistants and others added to the already long list of unemployed. I, for one, would like to know how much "F." gives to the poor. Does he wear a 25s. suit, and give the balance to the poor?

If the money and property in this world were divided to-morrow, and everyone equal, there would still be those thriftless people, who would get through their share in a very short space of time. Cathedral-road, Cardiff. ANTI-SOCIALIST.

I am absolutely at a loss to understand your correspondent, who dubs himself a "Lover of Truth," writing such a bitter and heartless letter.

He says: "If anyone wants to prove the truth of his statement let him go and live right amongst the very poor."

I have not only lived, but have worked in their midst for many years, and although I must admit there are cases which are not deserving of an atom of sympathy, still there are (and always will be) thousands of poor, needy souls who from the very beginning of their existence struggle on year after year in the face of adversity, and deserve most certainly a far happier lot. H. R. H. FAIR.

THE WITHAM RAILWAY DISASTER.

As a survivor of the railway disaster at Witham on Christmas Eve, 1899, when six persons were killed and over forty of us were injured, I remember as the most horrible feature of that accident the bursting into flames of several of the carriages containing dead and wounded.

The pitiable sight of one young man pinned under the debris of a carriage, and a number of us trying to cut away the woodwork and free him ere the rapidly advancing flames roasted him alive, again rises before me as I read of the burning carriages at Witham, and I ask why this horror of burning carriages should not be banished from railway accidents?

Mr. C. T. Verkes has done so on the electrified portion of the District Railway by using wood and other materials which cannot be set alight, and all our railway companies can do the same if they wish. A RAILWAY VICTIM.

EAT BROWN BREAD.

Your remarks on wheatmeal bread are worth serious attention. If we are degenerating as a nation, it is because we are wrongly fed.

The confectioner, the pill maker, and the dentist flourish together. Our officials rarely enforce the Sale of Bread Act, which was drafted to protect the public.

Well baked wheatmeal bread—no fancy, soppy, sticky adulterations, if you please—is as good a food as the world possesses. Having consistently used it for nearly thirty years I can recommend it as both pleasant and nourishing. Wimbeldon. J. NAVLER.

CHIVALRY ON THE DOWN GRADE.

I am inclined to think the unfortunate neglect of manners is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, brought about by the ladies themselves.

The dainty, womanly woman receives as much courtesy at the hands of men as ever she did, but unfortunately the majority of the women one meets travelling nowadays are of the aggressive type.

They enter a crowded railway carriage or other public vehicle with that "How-dare-you-sit-down comfortably-and-see-me-stand-up" look, which makes one apt to forget the word courtesy. Tufnell Park-road. V. ALEXANDER.

IN MY GARDEN.

SEPTEMBER 12.—Now that the more or less late summer days are over, there is plenty of work to do in the garden.

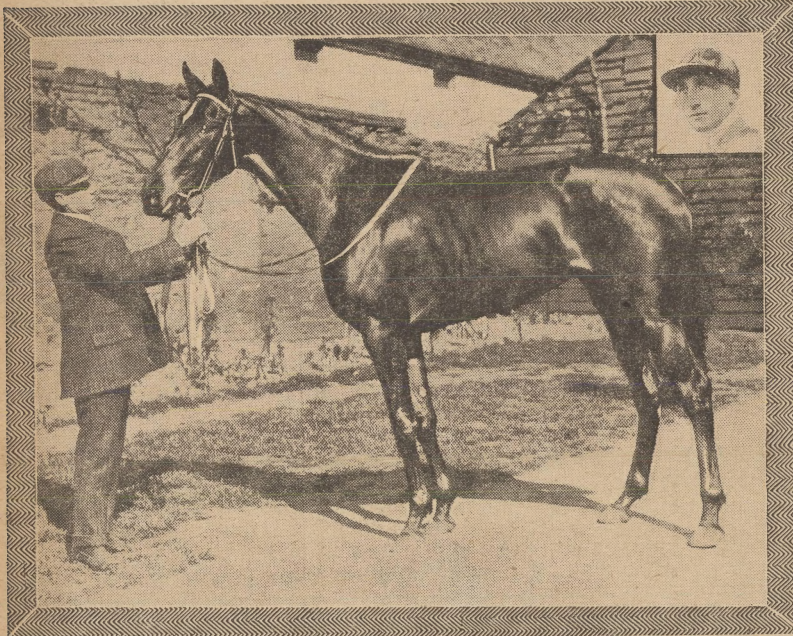
When autumn comes, many gardens are left alone until the time arrives for a grand tidying up. This is a great mistake. Annual plants, past the best, should be at once removed, and seedling flowers, sweet Williams, pansies, etc., planted in their places. Fading perennials must be cut down.

Thus the garden will never have a ragged appearance, but will always be full of flowers or the promise of flowers. Early-dropping bulbs (snowdrops, crocuses, daffodils) may now be planted. E.F.T.

NEWS by PHOTOGRAPHS

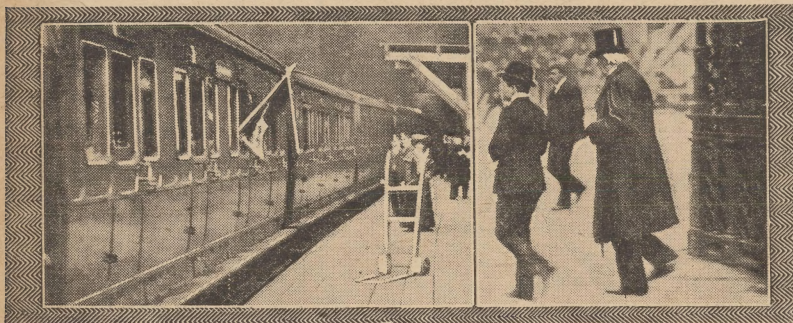


CHERRY LASS, PROBABLE ST. LEGER WINNER.



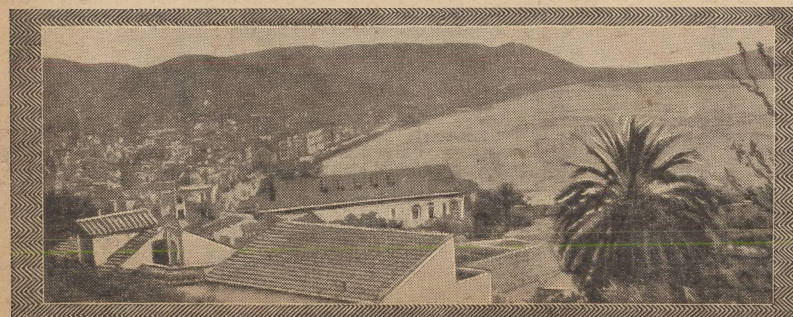
Val d'Or (M. Blanc's famous racehorse) and Cicero having been withdrawn, Cherry Lass has become the favourite for to-day's classic race. The small photograph is of H. Jones, who will ride Cherry Lass.

YESTERDAY'S PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES.



One hundred English Roman Catholics set out from Charing Cross on the annual pilgrimage to Lourdes yesterday. The photographs show—(1) The Continental train containing the pilgrims, with the banner displayed from a window, and (2) Father O'Reilly, one of the organisers of the pilgrimage.

DEVASTATED BY THE EARTHQUAKE.



Among the places where the terrible earthquake in Italy wrought most havoc, was the picturesque town of Pizzo. A great part is now in ruins, and those of the inhabitants who were not killed have fled to the north.

"HOLY WAR" BREAKS



In spite of additional troops, of official threats, and the slaughter Army" for the "Holy War," as the revolutionaries have proclaimed remarkable photographs, taken after the outbreak, vividly present house of a wealthy Armenian, which was sacked and burnt. The from behind. (2) An Armenian house and shop burnt by the street scene in Baku to-day. (4) The house, afterwards burnt, in graphs are to

UT IN THE CAUCASUS.



ends of the rioters, the strife in the Caucasus continues. The "Red" is being recruited by hundreds daily, and Baku is a doomed city. These are the eyes of the tragedy in its milder aspects. The above show—(1) The shot thirty-four Tartars from the balcony before being assassinated the inhabitants were murdered in their beds. (3) Another typical scene men and seven women were massacred. The small photograph shows the brigands.



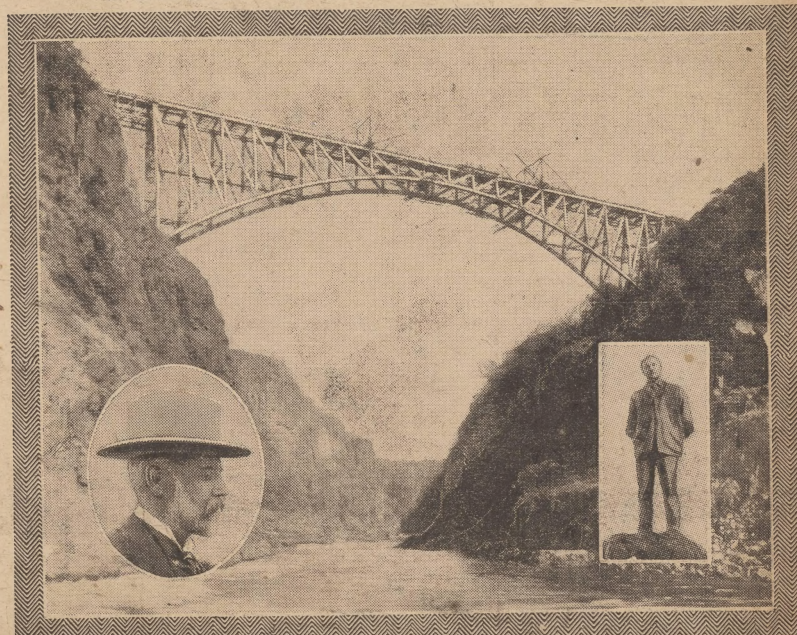
CAMERAGRAPHS

HOW WITZOFF MARRIED 100 WOMEN.



Witzoff, the American doctor and arch bigamist, supposed to be now in England, resorted to strange arts to captivate many of his victims. As Dr. L. W. De Laurence he practised Hindoo magic and Indian occultism, claiming to have lived in India as a chela (disciple) to a priest. The photographs show: (1) Witzoff as Dr. Laurence; (2) with the paraphernalia of his art; and (3) hypnotising a victim by "the silent Hindoo method." They are taken from a book published by Witzoff in Chicago.

OPENING OF VICTORIA FALLS BRIDGE YESTERDAY.



This bridge of a single span of 600ft., built 400ft. above the raging torrents just below the Victoria Falls, on the Zambesi River, is another link towards the completion of the Cape-to-Cairo Railway, the dream of Cecil Rhodes. It was opened yesterday by Professor Darwin, and the first train steamed across. The smaller photographs are of Mr. Tweed's statue of the Empire-maker and Professor Darwin.

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN.

CHAPTER XXVI

A simple, but a most baffling, circumstance.

Anxiety, consternation, perplexity, were rapidly giving place to panic at the castle. While only Lord Blaquart and his son knew the truth it had seemed to me a most amazing and incomprehensible affair. With Swindover's arrival, with the letting of the servants into the castle, with search-parties rushing here and there, with a representative of the police on the spot, black fear suddenly swooped down on the household with outspread wings, and tawdry, sinister and appalling, reared her snake-bound head.

The little shoe found by the search-party put the finishing touch to the gloomy apprehension that had settled down on the searchers and the watchers like a pall. The little mud-caked object—what had it been doing there, so far from the castle, such frail foot-covering for such weather as had raged throughout the night? What hand had flung it there, in what furious hurry, for what purpose of convenience or concealment, or perchance of fear?

It was Dick himself who took it to Julie for identification.

The Frenchwoman screamed on beholding it, and her voice rose in a frenzy of despair.

"Ah, I knew it, Monsieur, I knew it! This is the end! This convinces me beyond all doubt. It is my poor mistress's shoe—oh, yes, cannot you see that yourself? See how small, how slender it is! She had feet like the fairies themselves. And by this time she is a saint in Paradise. Oh, mon Dieu, mon Dieu!"

"Control yourself," said the young man sternly. "What do you mean? Why does the shoe convince you? It means nothing, proves nothing, except perhaps that the button came off and your mistress lost it when she left the castle last night."

"And went on her way with only one shoe!" cried Julie tragically. "Oh, Monsieur, Monsieur—you will not see! You refuse! You shut your eyes! Do you imagine that any lady leaving the house on such a night would wear such shoes as that? Certainly not my mistress, who was a most practical lady. She would have worn shoes of a thick, solid description—or boots; but this is a shoe such as she wore when she drove in the streets of a city."

"Then how do you suppose the shoe came to be found in the copse not far from the gates?" asked Dick.

"But, Monsieur, there is but one explanation, alas!" cried the Frenchwoman, with streaming eyes. "My mistress was attacked, robbed, overpowered—murdered perhaps in her own room, or else carried away and done away with. Garments were forced on her—does not that pile in the dressing-room speak for itself? Then the assassin, that fiend in human shape, whom I would be bon Dieu would allow me to see burned to death before my eyes—he took up the first pair of shoes that he found, and thrust the feet of Madame into them. With his violence he burst the button, and when he carried his victim away, to hide her in a safe place, the shoe dropped off Madame's foot. Oh, Monsieur, why did he bon Dieu allow me to sleep while such horror was going on? I can see it all—I can hear Madame's cries. By all the saints, I shall never sleep again!"

Dick was impressed, despite himself, despite his reason, and his heart's conviction. The woman's fear was so genuine; her face was so convulsed with all the horrors of imagination.

"You shall explain your theory to the police, Julie," he said. "I do not believe in it for one moment, but I cannot take it upon myself to disregard it." He went away, still holding the little shoe in his hand. Somehow, as he looked at it, it seemed, by some strange process of association, to conjure up before his eyes a most vivid picture of Fay, as he had found her in the little drawing-room next to the King's Room, after the stately and ceremonious dinner of the night before. He saw her holding back the curtains, heard the wind howling and the rain swishing against the window-panes; he seemed to feel the whole earth rocking with the fury of the storm.

There was something sinister in the remembrance of that little scene now that she had so unaccountably disappeared. Could there really be any grain of truth in Julie's dreadful imaginings? Could harm have come to her? Could it be that she had herself felt a presentiment, that she had gone to her room late and lonely, to find a tragic death? Oh, no, no! Stranger though he had been to her, fellow-slave yoked in her company to the car of Mammon, yet he turned sick and cold at the thought.

In the library he found Mr. Gudgeon, the police superintendent, in earnest consultation with his father, Swindover, apparently to have quieted down, and Father George, Fay's confessor, had joined the group, a silent, but sympathetic, presence.

Gudgeon had, it appeared, already interrogated several of the servants, but with no further result. One thing alone was perfectly clear, and that was that not a living soul had heard the faintest sound of a disturbance during the night and that no shadow of a clue was forthcoming from within the household.

There remained nothing but to adopt the usual measures. Mr. Gudgeon advised an immediate and thorough search being organised throughout the whole castle. He also sent one of Swindover's motor-cars to Stoke Magnus to bring back some of his men with lanterns to search the avenue for

footsteps while there was still a chance of their not being totally obliterated. He was a man who had proved himself singularly resourceful on several occasions, and he was thoroughly modern in his methods.

The next thing was to communicate the news of the disappearance to the authorities all over the country and to all the railway officials. While this was being accomplished by telephone and telegram, a list of the missing jewels as nearly complete as possible was made out with the help of Julie. It was found that what the Frenchwoman had told Dick from the first was substantially correct. Of all the millionaire's daughter's valuable jewels, the most valuable were missing, the empty cases having been thrown carelessly on the top of the stack of full ones in the safe in the bedroom wall. Not only were the designs unique, but the stones were all known and many of them named, and their value was literally fabulous.

No one could possibly get rid of them without detection, the police superintendent assured the assembled company, when they were described to him. A description of them would be sent to every jeweller and pawnbroker in the kingdom, and to all the chief centres abroad, and anyone who attempted to sell one stone would be instantly arrested.

The systematic search of the house, although it resulted in no trace of the missing girl's bodily presence, and also no signs of an actual struggle, the overturned chairs in Fay's bedroom, as being probably accounted for by a person collecting things in a violent hurry, nevertheless revealed something of a most alarming nature.

Just by the open door of the lovely lily bedroom that led into the bathroom a horrified servant picked up an object that was immediately brought to the library, and caused everyone who beheld it to turn white to the lips, with the exception of Swindover, who grew purple and raved aloud.

It was a handkerchief, a square of gossamer lawn, lace-edged, and its spotless whiteness was marred by several large stains of blood. It had been found crumpled up into a ball, as if hastily flung away.

From that moment everybody felt that the case assumed a new seriousness. Mr. Gudgeon's homely face, with the twinkling eyes and hard, shrewd mouth, grew very grave, as, with Dick's permission, he took temporary possession of the handkerchief.

A few moments later he found an opportunity to take the young man aside.

"Mr. Dangerville," he said, and had he not been a hard-featured, commonplace vehicle of the law one would have said that his voice was braced with emotion, "I don't know how to say what I think—how to express my sympathy with you, sir, in your terrible affliction. And," he added professionally, "it's the cleverest crime I've ever come across. There's no shadow of a clue. I don't know how to explain, but it looks like nothing that I've seen in all my experience."

"That's because you're a sensible man, Gudgeon," said Dick. "There is no crime—there has been none."

"Mr. Dangerville! Sir!"

"Listen to me," Dick went on earnestly. "I'm not a monster nor a lunatic. Nobody here in this neighbourhood knows this lady, who was Miss Swindover, and is now my wife. Nobody cares, and her character is different to that of almost any other woman, and that she, no doubt, had good reason for what she has done."

"Done!" exclaimed the superintendent under his breath.

"Yes, Gudgeon," Dick went on. "I am convinced that my wife has gone away of her own accord, and I tell you because I think it is right to trust you, because I want as little fuss made as possible, although, of course, everything must be done that would be done under ordinary circumstances."

"But you know something," exclaimed Gudgeon, betraying the liveliest excitement.

"No," said Dick. "I only guess."

"It's the queerest case I ever came across. What about the shoe?"

"I don't know."

"And the handkerchief—stained with blood?"

"I don't know. I don't know anything except that I don't believe any crime has been committed. After all, Mrs. Dangerville may have cut her finger."

"She may," said Mr. Gudgeon, with barely concealed scorn. "And what about her jewels? Do you mean, sir, that you think your wife has gone off with her most valuable jewels in the dead of night on her wedding day?"

"The jewels are her private property," said Dick.

"Mr. Dangerville," put in the superintendent quickly, "unless you know something—"

"I know nothing," interrupted Dick. "I only tell you what I think may be the case, because I want you to conduct your investigations with all possible secrecy. It is just because I think Mrs. Dangerville will return in due course that I do not want the occurrences of yesterday and to-day to be made public."

Mr. Gudgeon looked at the young man with a pitying tolerance, as if he thought that grief had turned his brain.

"Of course I shall respect your wishes, sir," he said, "but I feel as if I am compelled with the duty that you have placed in my hands."

(To be continued.)

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Publishers' Announcements.

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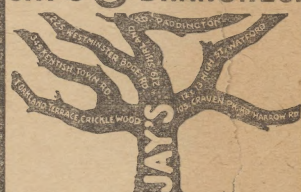
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SIDELIGHTS ON YESTERDAY'S NEWS.

Interesting Paragraphs Concerning Current Events.

Wood-Pigeons' Breakfast.

Two scarlet berries, almost ripe, on two trees in the gardens of Staple Inn, Holborn, were being voraciously devoured yesterday at dawn by a pair of ringdoves, or wood-pigeons.

Railways' Burden of Rates.

The repeated complaints heard at railway company meetings as to the large increase in the sums which railways have to disgorge for rates and taxes is justified in the railway returns issued yesterday. Whereas twenty years ago the companies in the United Kingdom only paid £3,011,174 into the national and municipal exchequers, they paid £4,736,283 last year.

Cancer and Lunacy.

One strange fact overlooked in the lunacy returns is the fact that, whereas the normal death-rate from cancer is only about .2 per 1,000, the death-rate among lunatics worked out at about 2.0 per 1,000. This means that cancer mortality among lunatics is ten times as high as among sane people. The fact, which has never been noted before, was the subject of considerable discussion yesterday among cancer specialists, but none could offer an explanation.

Municipal Racing.

Although the chief interest has been taken from to-day's St. Leger by the scratching of Wal d'Or, the most promising of the French candidates, and Cicero, which won the Derby for Lord Rosebery, the Doncaster racepayers, who own the course, are likely to benefit considerably from the sums taken at the gates. The two Doncaster meetings last year resulted in the taking of £27,000, and in £7,701 going towards the lessening of the town's taxation.

"Back the Channel."

The failure of the last of the season's Channel swims supports the theories of those experts who declare that the Straits of Dover will never be crossed by an unaided swimmer and who consistently say "Back the Channel." Some of them even go so far as to assert that if Captain Webb accomplished the swim he must have occasionally held on to the side of the boat which accompanied him.

Tolstoy as M.P.

It is reported that Maxim Gorky and Count Leo Tolstoy will be candidates for the first Russian Parliament, the summoning of which is so eagerly anticipated in the empire of the Tsar. An astrologer, writing to the *Daily Mirror*, however, states that, according to the stars, Russia will not possess a Constitution until 1914, so it is scarcely likely that Count Tolstoy, already an old man, will be young enough to take much share in his country's government.

Lourdes the Miraculous.

Whether the Lourdes pilgrims, who left London yesterday, return healed or not, they will have had the satisfaction of seeing in the sacred grotto hundreds of crutches, corsets, leg-ends, and bou-toups, which are said to have been used by cripples before they prayed at the Virgin's shrine. The rocks in the grotto are black with smoke, for tapers have been burning there for over forty years, and the air is heavy with the smell of carbolic used for disinfecting the miraculous spring.

World's Highest Bridge.

The Zambesi bridge, which was opened yesterday by Professor G. H. Darwin, is the highest bridge in the world. The passengers on the trains that will cross it will look down to a greater depth than a person who succeeded in placing himself on the golden cross of St. Paul's or on the flag-pole of the Park-row skyscraper that is the glory of New York. Although the total length of the bridge is 650ft., its single span 500ft., and its weight 1,650 tons, it was built in a little over a year, without the loss of a single life.

"Regenerate" Lynchers.

A certain section of the New York Press is using the news of the disturbances at Tokio in an attempt to lessen the admiration which the Americans feel for the Japanese. "Japan is far from being wholly regenerate," says one of the New York journals. "On another page of the issue in which this appeared," comments the "Times" correspondent, "there was an interesting account of how the burning at the stake of a negro in Texas was witnessed by 2,000 people. Presumably the Japanese were 'wholly regenerate' when, instead of throwing stones, they burn human beings alive."

The Weather and the Hops.

Kent hop-growers, possessed of more promising crops than they have had for years, were looking forward this year to making sufficient money to recoup them for the lean harvests of recent autumns. They reckoned without the weather, however. The stormy weather has been the cause of much discomfort and annoyance in the hop-gardens, in which picking is proceeding under unusually discouraging circumstances. Not only is the weather very unpleasant for the picking operations, but the returns are described as variable, while the marketing outlook is as unsatisfactory as could possibly be imagined.

AMERICAN VIEWS OF THE PEACE TERMS.



THE BEAR: "I SAVED MY FACE ANYHOW."

This amusing picture shows an inverted version of the old American saying that it is idle to talk of dividing a bear's pelt until the bear is caught. Japan is seen making off with the rich provinces of Manchuria and Korea, while the bear consoles himself with the reflection that he has saved his honour by preserving his face from being shaved.



JAPANING CHINA.

Now that Russia is disposed of it is thought Japan will direct her energies to China. The "Pittsburg Dispatch" indicates how the trade of the Celestial Empire will pass to Japan while England and America vainly protest from across the sea. Opinion in the United States favours the idea that the predominant influence of Japan will lead to the goods of other nations being excluded from China. Then all the ships moored by China's shores will, as shown in the cartoon, be Japanese, and iron rails, woollens, cotton goods, and manufactured goods from Japan will alone be used in China.

TO VICTIMS OF MENTAL DEPRESSION

The Cause, Nature, and Correct Treatment for this distressing trouble. Shows how all nervous disorders are removed by using Bishop's Toniques.

The symptoms of mental depression are only too familiar to men and women engaged in business, the professions, teaching, journalism; and those who have embraced an artistic career. No description can paint in sufficiently strong colours the acute suffering it inflicts on its victims. The mind is filled with gloomy forebodings, with vague presentiments of coming trouble, and there is a general feeling that everything is wrong and will not come right. Under such circumstances your daily duties lay a burden upon you which is almost insupportable, and you lack that energy and power of mental concentration which constitute the first requirement of success. In addition, your consciousness of lack of full power and vitality will still further depress your spirits and rob you yet more of your normal ability and smartness.

SENSIBLE ADVICE

No wiser advice can be given in regard to health, or, for the matter of that, of any other subject, than the injunction to go to the root of things. If you discover the cause of any trouble your remedy is likely to be effective and adequate, but if you merely deal with symptoms the probability is that at most you will only alleviate these without doing real or permanent good. Get right down to the cause of mental depression and other signs of nervous exhaustion and you may then learn how to remove them.

Mental depression is only one sign among many of nervous exhaustion. If your nervous system is thoroughly restored and once again made healthy and vigorous, the clouds of mental depression will lift, and you will feel ready and eager for work and recreation. Bishop's Toniques have been prepared for this very purpose. They embody the special elements worn away under mental strain, so that it is obvious they will do for you just what you want. Bishop's Toniques do two things. First, they supply new matter to replace that which has been worn out, and, second, they assist the nerves and brain to assimilate the necessary nutriment from the ordinary food and drink, and you thus get a double benefit.

REBUILD YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM

This is the keynote to successful treatment of nervous exhaustion. If your nervous system is thoroughly restored and once again made healthy and vigorous, the clouds of mental depression will lift, and you will feel ready and eager for work and recreation. Bishop's Toniques have been prepared for this very purpose. They embody the special elements worn away under mental strain, so that it is obvious they will do for you just what you want. Bishop's Toniques do two things. First, they supply new matter to replace that which has been worn out, and, second, they assist the nerves and brain to assimilate the necessary nutriment from the ordinary food and drink, and you thus get a double benefit.

COMMENCE THE TREATMENT TO-DAY

There is an old proverb that "Procrastination is the thief of time," but it is the thief of many other things besides time. Procrastination robs men and women of money, comfort, and health, and there are few matters in regard to which delay is so dangerous as in questions of health. "Tomorrow will do," says thousands on a sick bed every year, and many complaints which fasten themselves on sufferers for life might have been avoided by a few days' or weeks' treatment when they first showed themselves. If your nerves are out of order, do not wait till to-morrow. Get your supply of Bishop's Toniques now, and commence the treatment at once. Another day's delay means a day's more discomfort and a day longer for the nerve-weakening process to continue.

H. G. writes: "After suffering from nervous debility for seven years, I have been cured through using Bishop's Toniques. A friend procured them for me, and I have taken them regularly for six months, and am now quite well. Friends and other people of this town have written asking me to give them particulars, and you may give my full name and address to anyone applying to Alfred Bishop (Limited)."

NOW IS THE BEST TIME

to commence using Bishop's Toniques, therefore, send for a vial, which will be sent for 1s. 1d. post free within the U.K., or larger size for 2s. 10d., from Alfred Bishop (Limited), 48, Spelman-street, London, N.E., also from Chemists and Stores at 1s. and 2s. 9d. With every package is enclosed a leaflet on "Nervous Disorders," and Alfred Bishop (Limited) are always pleased to supply any further information our readers would like to have.

"DAILY MAIL."

USEFUL HINTS FOR DRESS-MAKING AT HOME.

PATTERNS OF A SMART AND USEFUL SEPTEMBER SUIT.

The holiday season may safely be said to be over, hastened to its end by the calamitous weather September has dealt out to us so far. But there are always compensations to be thought of, and one of these to the woman who is interested in dressmaking is the replenishment of her wardrobe. It is a necessity, as well as a pleasure, to order or to make autumn toilettes now that chilly winds and threatening days cause the thin frocks of the summer to look absurd and feel far from cosy.

Many women are by no means desirous to clothe themselves in the autumn as if winter had begun, they do not desire a coat and skirt costume, but infinitely prefer a toilette that includes a skirt of the newest persuasion, and a bolero such as the one shown in the sketch of the second column.

Fashionable Elbow Sleeves.

It is a suit that might well be carried out in serge of a fine quality, in subtle cloth, or in tweed of one of the many varieties available. It will require eight and a half yards of double width material, because the skirt is a very full one, and

so speedy a one. The afflicted woman takes the blossom cure. In Japan, when a house is furnished the flower man comes and decorates the home with plants, bringing his palms, his quince trees, his flowering shrubs, and his great spreading Oriental flowers, and bestows them about the house. If anyone is ill he chooses the flowers carefully, taking pains to get a certain kind of scent, for there are people to whom scents act as a soother.

The English woman finds a soothing influence in a cup of tea, but to make it actually quieten the nerves the room should be darkened, for it is light that weakens the nerves most. The clothing should be loosened, the shoes should be taken off, and the tea should be drunk as hot as is comfortable, but never scalding.

Hindoo nerves are the steadiest nerves in the world. When worn out, the Hindoo will drag himself to the window and rest upon his feet.

BIBS, BOOTS, AND SHOES.

LUXURIANT ITEMS IN A BABY'S OUTFIT.

Baby shoes seem to grow daintier and prettier every year, but surely the climax of beauty has been reached now. Low or high strap shoes are made of corded silk with bordering frills of the narrowest Valenciennes lace, and each shoe is decorated with a diminutive bow of the lace centred by a tiny pearl button.

Embroidered shoes of silk, piqué, or even of lawn are seen, and high boots of corded silk in pink, blue, or white have embroidered toes and are laced up the sides with cords matching the silk, and tied in tasselled bows at the top. Kid



No. 35 Paper Pattern. A useful dress for the autumn.

the bolero, as will be noticed, is cut in an ample manner, though the fullness is directed into the flat band that edges it. Elbow sleeves, still so fashionable, are given to this coat, though they might of course be elongated to the wrists if this were deemed advisable. The price for a flat paper pattern is 1s. 0½d., or tacked up, including flat, 2s. 0½d. The pattern is modelled in large, medium, and small sizes.

No. 35.—Write for pattern to the *Daily Mirror*, Carmelite Pattern Department, 2, Carmelite House, London, E.C., enclosing the amount due, and by no means omitting to mention the number of this *Daily Mirror* pattern.

CURES FOR RACKED NERVES.

FLOWERS EMPLOYED TO SOOTHE THE MIND.

The cure which the Russian woman takes when she is tired or when her nerves are on edge is the cold water one. She goes into a cool apartment and dashes cold water into her face, and, if possible, binds ice upon her brow. In the winter she hoods her head and faces the driving snow for a minute. Tired muscles, tired sinews, worn-out bones, and a weary head are all treated to a dash of cold water. If the feet ache, they are run through ice-water, quickly and with swift steps.

Japanese sufferers have a much prettier way of curing their tired nerves, though perhaps not quite

He will open his arms wide and breathe deeply, will remain by the window taking in deep breaths of pure air, and meanwhile will say his prayers. He will then turn from the window rested in mind and in body with nerves soothed again.

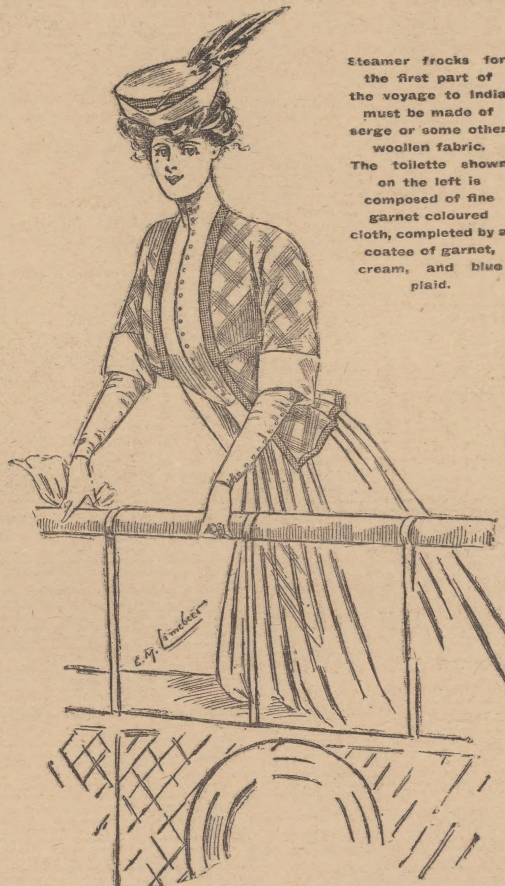
The pet nerve cure of the American woman is usually easily achieved. She wants and takes forty winks, for which she only needs a darkened room and a pillow. She loosens her neckband, belt, and shoes. The Chinese also believe in the forty winks rest cure.

In France a sun bath is recommended, and the soles of the feet are treated by the cold water cure and by vigorous massage.

To sum up several ways in which nerve attacks may be averted, remember these maxims: Don't worry, worry wears you out quickly; don't fidget and don't borrow trouble; learn to appreciate these soothers of racked nerves—music, painting, and good food; and don't frequent the society of nervous persons, for nerve attacks are very contagious.

Herb pillows and herb teas are often used to quieten the nerves. A pillow of lavender, a big bag of pine needles, or a bunch of clover tied in a pillow-case will give a sweet scent and put the sufferer to sleep.

Steamer frocks for the first part of the voyage to India must be made of serge or some other woollen fabric. The toilette shown on the left is composed of fine garnet coloured cloth, completed by a coat of garnet, cream, and blue plaid.



shoes and boots of every description are included in the list, but the silk or lingerie shoes are the smartest.

Among bibs fine lawn hand-embroidered ones, bordered by lace frills, and padded for protection's sake, are the favourites if they can be afforded, but simpler models of piqué, embroidered, scalloped and buttonholed, or of lawn herringbone and bordered by Valenciennes frills are sold for general use.

WINNERS IN LIFE.

The people who win their way into the inmost recesses of others' hearts are not usually the most brilliant and gifted, but those who have sympathy, patience, a self-forgetfulness, and that indefinable quality that can best be described as the power of eliciting the better nature of others. We have many friends who are more beautiful than gifted; but there is not one of them whose companionship we enjoy better than that of the plain-faced man or woman who never makes a witty or profound remark, but whose simple quality of human goodness makes up for every other deficiency.

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